

how i learned

\$1.00

to love myself,

and occasionally

other men

#1

FEEL LIKE THE REAL THING!

THIS IS A QUEER ZINE

No.
Name
City
State
Country
Signature

Credit card holders may order by phone: (415) 864-4476
For orders outside the U.S. contact us for shipping.

INTROFUCKTION! Ha! Ha!

I never thought any of my other zines
were really queer zines. Even though I'm queer,
my zine was... nothing. Just a zine. During a work-
shop at the Portland Zine Symposium I said "I
don't think I can talk about being queer for 20
some odd pages. But this zine is proof I can.
THIS IS A QUEER ZINE!! No doubt it. What the world
needs is another punk rock coming-out-zine. At
least I don't bitch about 'DEPRESSION' (other than my
own). I listened to Finch score punk the whole time
making this zine. ~~WTF~~



get
in
with

for
<http://www.discoom@gmail.com>

Hmm, where to begin?

I first started having sex with men when I was around twenty one. Or twenty, I can't remember. I was wickedly homophobic for a long time. Which was mostly being very freaked out that I couldn't stop thinking about duded when I had obligatory sex with my (then) girlfriend. I didn't have any real trouble *saying* I liked guys, but actually doing anything about it scared the crap out of me. Looking back I had a real fag hag as a girlfriend. She'd say things like "One guy is great, so two seems even better!" I always agreed.

So I was reaching towards the end of how long I could stand it. Having sex with her was beginning to be a problem for me. I just couldn't psyche myself into it like before. Gin, beer, weed, scotch – none of it worked anymore. So I went on the Internet.

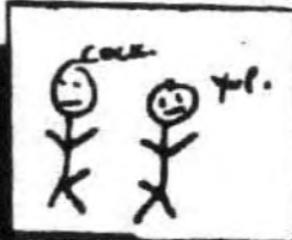


Let me side track for a minute. I used to go on the Internet a lot – into the queer themed chat rooms. In hopes I would have the guts to meet some guy I had been chatting with and have sex (or some awkward form of) with him. I'd get as far as to them wanting my phone number and I would panic. Disconnect and masturbate to the thought of having the courage to do it. The most literal term of homophobia fear of gay people – Biggest fear was that I was one of them. I always wanted to do it with an older guy, who was married and in the closet. Figuring they were desperate enough and just needed some kind of release. Something to give them hard on's so they could fuck their wives with some amount of vigor.

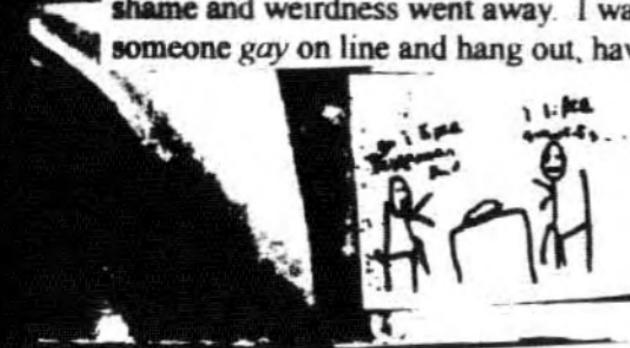


But I always chickened out. I knew exactly what I wanted, but was too scared to get it. I didn't want hand holding, kissing, discussion, thought of any of that bullshit. Just suck my dick, let me suck yours and we can all get on with our lives. I didn't want them to know anything about me. Who I was wasn't important. What I liked wasn't important. What I did wasn't important. I didn't want to talk to them any more than "nice cock" ... "thanks" ... I didn't want any personalities involved. That was too advanced for me. I just wanted to get past the penis. I

wanted it to be anonymous, wear bags on our heads with some holes cut out....



So back to being on the Internet. I found something called *Queerpunk*. Once queerness and punk was mixed together, it was all different. No longer was I just interested in only a penis or a mouth. There was more to it then that. I wasn't as scared of gay dudes, because they were *punks* too. It was okay to sexualize our interests, it was okay to sexualize punk rock. It became a lot different in my head when I made that connection. Sure, I had always listened to some queer bands, but at that moment all the fear and shame and weirdness went away. I was prepared to meet someone gay on line and hang out, have lunch.

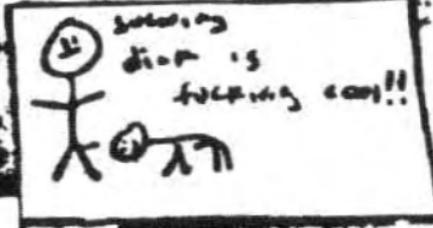


JIM MOSS

I met this Greek guy named Nick, who lived in Elmhurst, Illinois. He was a real person. We drove around the city and talked and ate at Zoom Kitchen. He had interests. He asked about mine. It wasn't creepy and I wasn't afraid of him or the situation. I felt silly for making such a fuss over something so easy and ok then two guys meeting and having some fucking sandwiches. And such a fuss over something as natural as two men being attracted to each other. We were in some traffic light on Belmont Avenue, nearing Western Ave. I asked him if I could *touch his stuff* he said "Okay" and for the first time, I touched another man's penis. We went back to my house and had a simple and no so awkward version of mansex that we both felt comfortable with. It was the biggest relief ever.



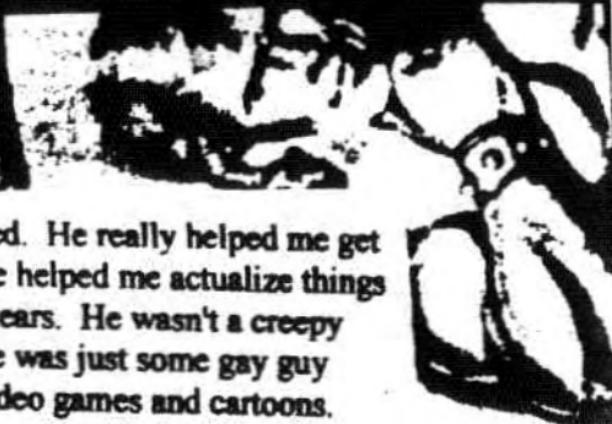
Later that night, over some scotch and waters at my girlfriends house I said something like this... "Hey you know when you said how *weird* it feels when I lick your ass?" "Yeah, what about it." "You know, you're right - it does." Her eyes got really big and her expression turned excited and she demanded every single detail of the afternoon I spent with my new pal Nick in Elmhurst. She was really happy for me. I was glad. We got really trashed and slept, cuddling platonic on the floor. A few weeks later, my new friend Nick from Elmhurst packed up his things and moved to California. The rat bastard.



E S C H

Hot Le

AL



But it was alright that he moved. He really helped me get over my own homophobia. He helped me actualize things that had been in my head for years. He wasn't a creepy troll. He wasn't a monster. He was just some gay guy from the suburbs who liked video games and cartoons. What was I so afraid of? Before that, I'd have sex with really weird – bordering creepy girls, just because I

thought I had to prove something. I didn't give it a second thought.

I've talked to gay guys who are grossed *out* by the idea of having sex with a girl. But I think it just (usually) bored me. I remember many times I'd be *thumping* away wondering "I sure hope this is over soon, I want to go get a Slurpee.." Or how I'd have to think real hard about some guy with nice sideburns I saw on the bus, to will myself to come. Other than that...zzzz.

So after he moved, I was left with this sense of *I can have sex with who ever I want!* Which is true! I didn't have to make excuses or justify anything to anyone. Before, when I was kind of "ok" with saying I liked men, I always thought there was some kind of invisible scale or something like that. Something that everyone would be watching and judging . I couldn't just have un-enthusiastic sex with girls - my mind would race and soar for **MEN!**

But then the thought of me being gay - at the time meant that I'd never "be" with a girl again. Whatever that meant, I thought it was the end of something. Gay sounded so final to me, like a diagnosis. Like that was IT. And that made me nervous, because I wasn't sure how my sexuality would play out in practice. So I paid close attention to my thoughts, and tried to balance out the lustful male thoughts (which I had all the time, naturally) and lustful female thoughts, which did happen on occasion. I was very naive, I thought bisexual people were half homosexual and half heterosexual

I thought it was a "fifty fifty" ratio. What a fucking load of bullshit. One of the things that helped me was reading Jeff Subhumyn's *BISEXUAL MANIFESTO*. He (then) said "I am not half hereto and half homo.. I am one hundred percent bisexual. I'm not sitting on the fence, I'm trying to burn the fucker down!" Shortly after that, she came out as trans gender and I learned about gender chaos, and the many ways to be a boy/girl/etc.

Fuck this boy/girl shit!!



Here I was, stressing over labels, what to *call myself* and balance how much I thought of one pleasurable act over another pleasurable act – one set of parts or another. At the time I thought there were clear cut choices of things to be. And I knew what they all meant and the rules that went with them. All the choices were: gay, straight, bisexual. I didn't know what I was, none felt totally right.

And in this world, you always have to be *something*.
(How else will people make easy assessments about you?)
There is a lot of pressure to fit into someone else's mold. It
really stressed me out.

Gender chaos helped me realize that *everythin*, I was
stressing over was a lot of shit. I should do what I wanted
and not do what I didn't. Duh! So obvious – but easier said
then done with all the fear and shame floating around in
your head. I guess it is in society's best interest... the more
you hate yourself, the easier it will be to sell you ideas and
products that you don't need. My anarchist leanings told
me the only way I was going to *fuck the man* would be by
fucking a man! I felt better.

I went back to the great big bathroom wall known as the Internet. I wasn't afraid anymore, so I proceeded to experiment with most of the fantasies I had – that I didn't get a chance to act out with my pal from Elmhurst. Some of it was disappointing, some of it was hotter than the rings of Hell, and some of it was better in my imagination than in real life. But it was all so freeing. I was over myself and my issues. I thought about doing porn.

I realize that I can be a man of extremes, sometimes. I don't know why I can't just be vaguely interested in something, I have to get involved in something. I can't just like punk rock, I have to play punk rock. I can't just read

zines, I have to write zines. I can't just like gay porn, I have to make it...

During one afternoon fuck session with Nick.. you know, that lovely man from Elmhurst – he thought it would be fun to try out a digital camera he got. We did the most logical thing and took pictures of us doing what we liked best. So I took some of the better pictures and cruised around to some of the pron sites I jerked off to. Many of them had a form you could fill out if you wanted to be a model. That was me! “Free money!” I thought. And after a few months of emails, phone calls, lots of rejection (lots) I landed my first porn shoot. I had convinced a company to pay me to take photos of me jerking off. Now in a few short months, I went from being afraid of gay people, to jacking off on camera for a video and website and who knows what else. I know, it doesn't make much sense. I brought a gravity knife with me to my first shoot, in case things got too personal.

LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING!

And as an added bonus, each Family Jewel has a built-in
airline base that really holds it in place on the

But making porn was good and something I needed to do. It was good way to play with my new found love of my sexuality in a safe, controlled environment. Plus it paid way better than my regular job ever could. I was happy with the results, and I didn't feel bad about it for a minute. I had fun, made some good money, and felt I could do anything. I even got stopped on the street a few times of people who *noticed* my work. It was great for the ego and self esteem. [REDACTED] I am over myself. I like myself. I don't feel bad about any of it. We are greater than the sum of our sexual desires. They are strong forces, that deserve the same amount of much respect as pleasure they give us. My only regret is that this didn't happen sooner in my life, and all the fucking I missed out on when I was younger. I have a lot of respect for young people who are fiercely and unapologetically queer, and went for what they wanted. Some days I find girls more attractive, sometimes guys – and sometimes everyone is gross to me. It doesn't matter at all, or not nearly as much as we think. [REDACTED]

may
rap
her
e—
sur-

So I figured if I was going to have any real peace, I was going to have my make my own rules to live by. My version of gay not only allows, but encourages sex with: male born men, trans gender men, women born women, trans gender women – and anything else someone can come up with. You could make up your own gender for all I care, and I'll still give you the time, if you're cute. I like thinking myself as gay and still having sex with girls. Like I'm breaking down the whole binary system with each

pelvic thrust. I like having sex with guys because it makes me feel like a huge pervert and it's fun! Since I got over all my issues, I had sex with some girls, and it was actually really cool. (I leaned that sex is a lot better when you're relaxed and calm and not wishing it was over... you know, when you're *into it..*) I can call myself whatever I want, and do whatever I like. I don't have to follow anyones stupid rules. I'm free to make the rules, break the rules, follow the rules, change the rules. ↴



DISDOOM@GMAIL.COM

PS

Thanks to: Greek Nick, Finnish Nick, Al of Seattle, Jennie Mutation, Kisha (for without, I'd be a total piece of crap) --- and all you sexy, faggy, tough, fabulous, butch, high femme, boydyke, girdick, genderbending queers. We are our own history!

WRITE TO ME
I WANT TO
HEAR FROM
YOU!

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO CARRY THIS ZINE (OR
ANY OF MY OTHERS) IN YOUR ZINE DISTRO, GET
IN TOUCH!

DAVE
BOX 830
CHICAGO, IL 60690 / USA

Please don't redistribute permission - Thanks

FIRST PRINTED SUMMER OF
REPRINTED 2005, 2009.

2003